

# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 49

*"The Bride"*

Chapter  
03



NGT Visual Studio presents:

# **SPICY STORIES VOL. 35: "The Bride"**

Based on an Original story by Anonymous  
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

**This is a work of fiction.  
All characters aren't real.  
All characters are 18 years or older.  
Enjoy it!**

# CHAPTER 03

"Would you think badly of me  
if I touched you?"

I still looked up at his glowing face.

"I'd love to touch you,"

I offered softly.

He glanced over his shoulder  
and then looked back down  
questioningly at me sitting  
in front of him.

"What about Mike?"

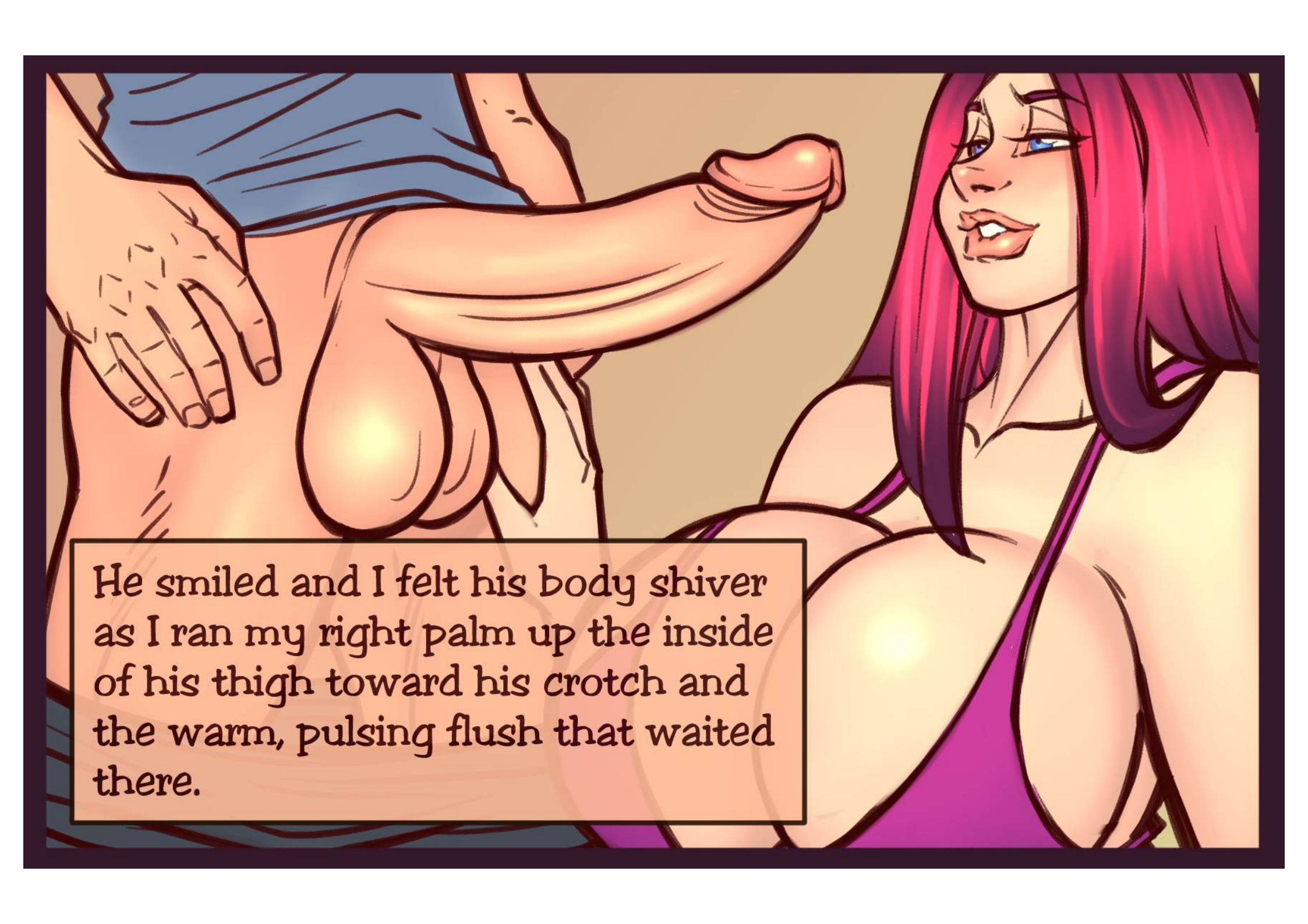
he said very softly as he nodded  
back over his shoulder.

"Don't worry, He's still fast asleep."

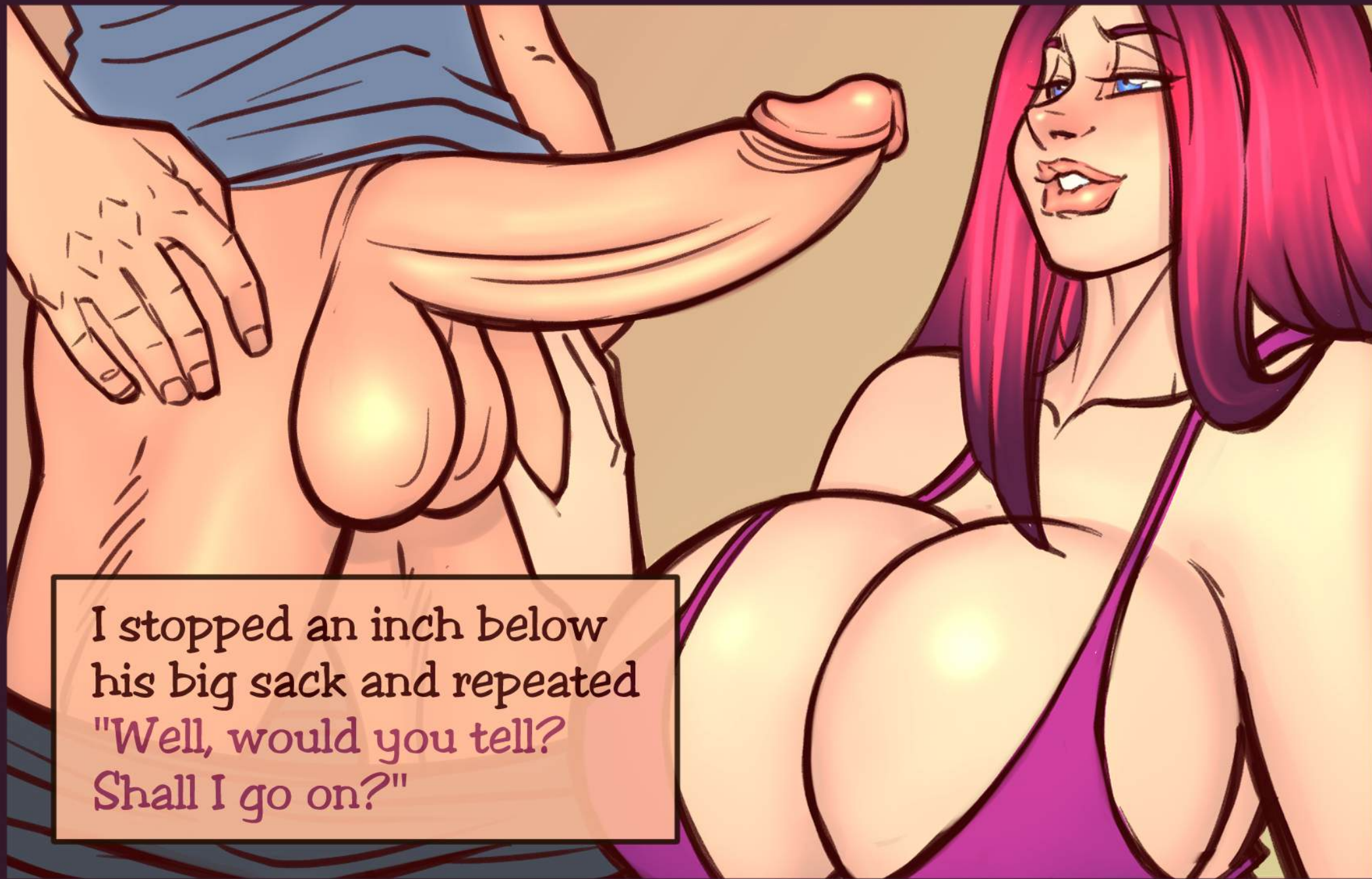
I replied.

"Would you tell?"





He smiled and I felt his body shiver as I ran my right palm up the inside of his thigh toward his crotch and the warm, pulsing flush that waited there.




I stopped an inch below  
his big sack and repeated  
"Well, would you tell?  
Shall I go on?"



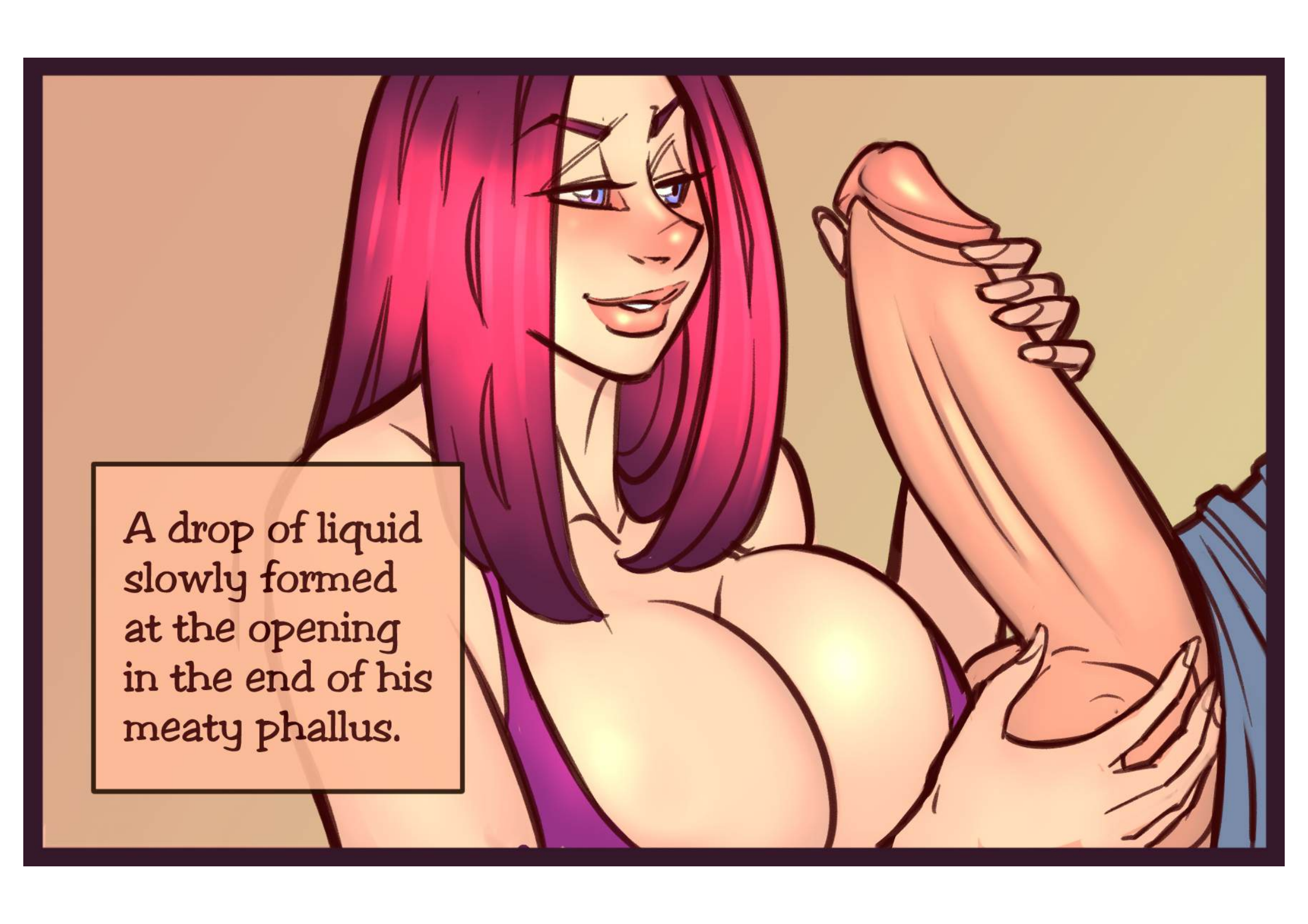
"Please, please, please go on!"  
he blurted quietly as I caressed  
the inside of this thigh. "I'll just  
tell you to go on and on and on  
if you do it!"



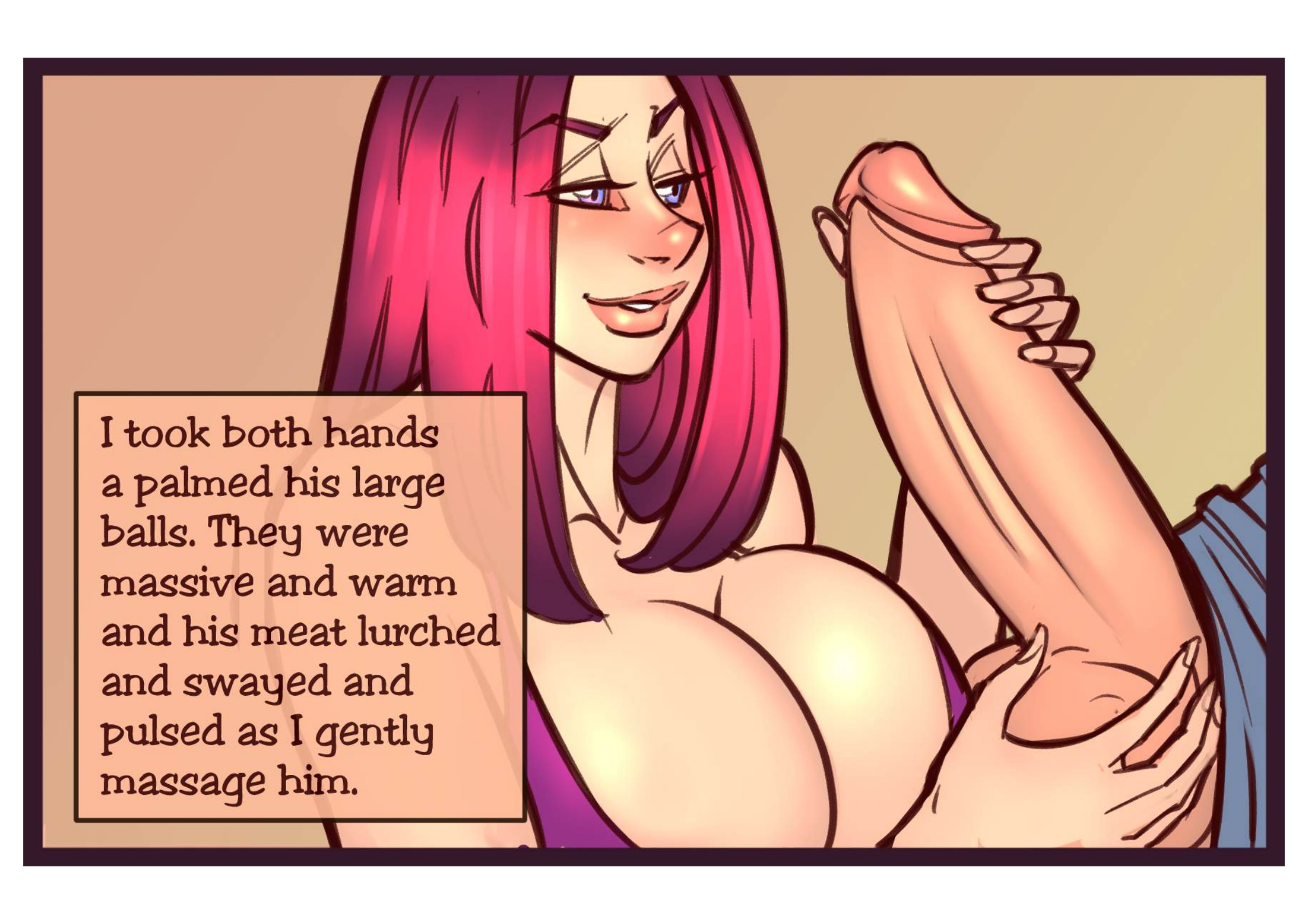
I smiled up at up and said  
"Well, I guess you'll see  
plenty of them later if you  
want, huh?"




He gasped out loud, and his entire body shook as I peeled back his thick foreskin and fully exposed his big mushroom.




A drop of liquid slowly formed at the opening in the end of his meaty phallus.



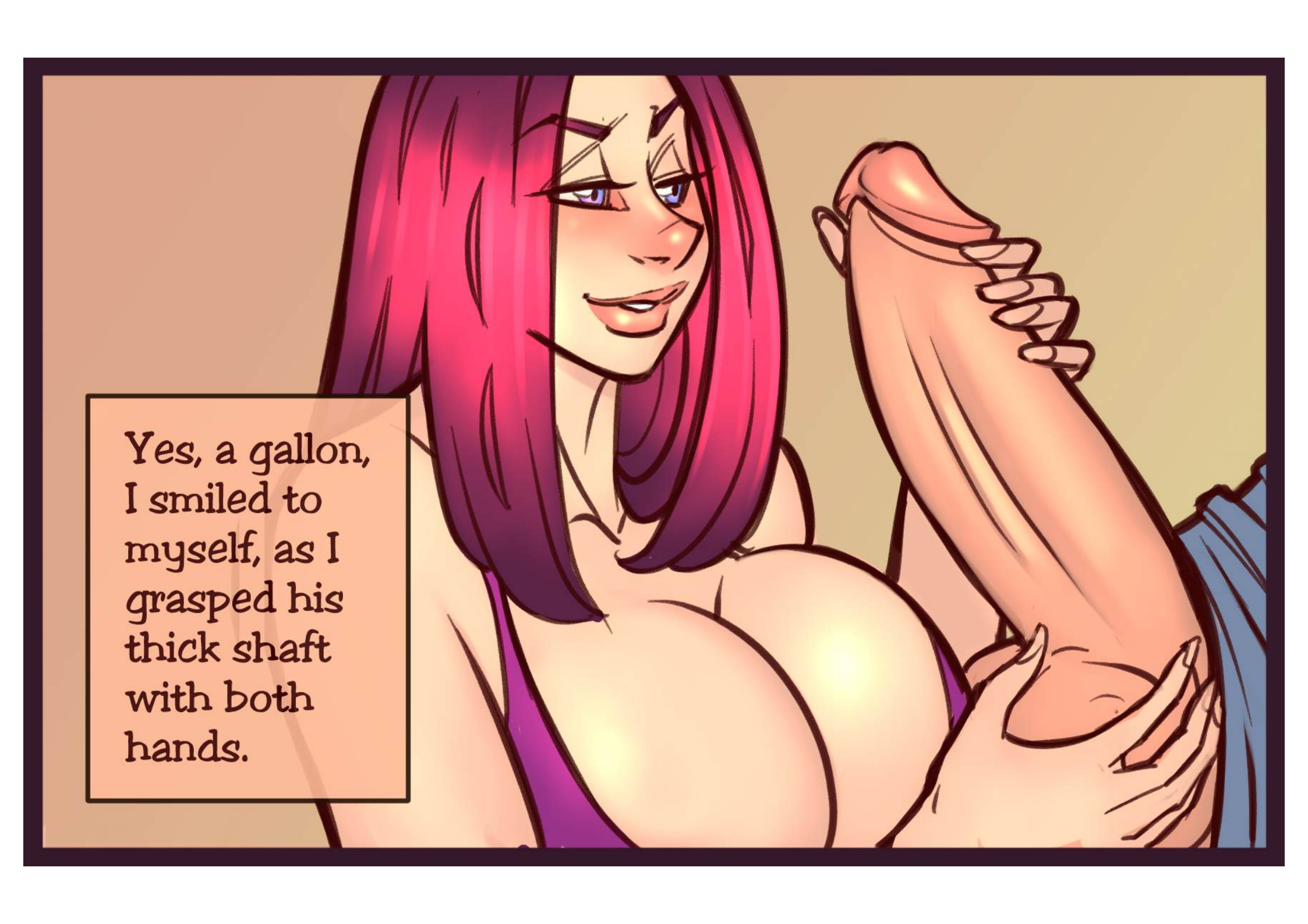
I took both hands  
and palmed his large  
balls. They were  
massive and warm  
and his meat lurched  
and swayed and  
pulsed as I gently  
massage him.




He must ejaculate  
a gallon I thought  
weighing each  
swollen, full globe  
in separate palms.



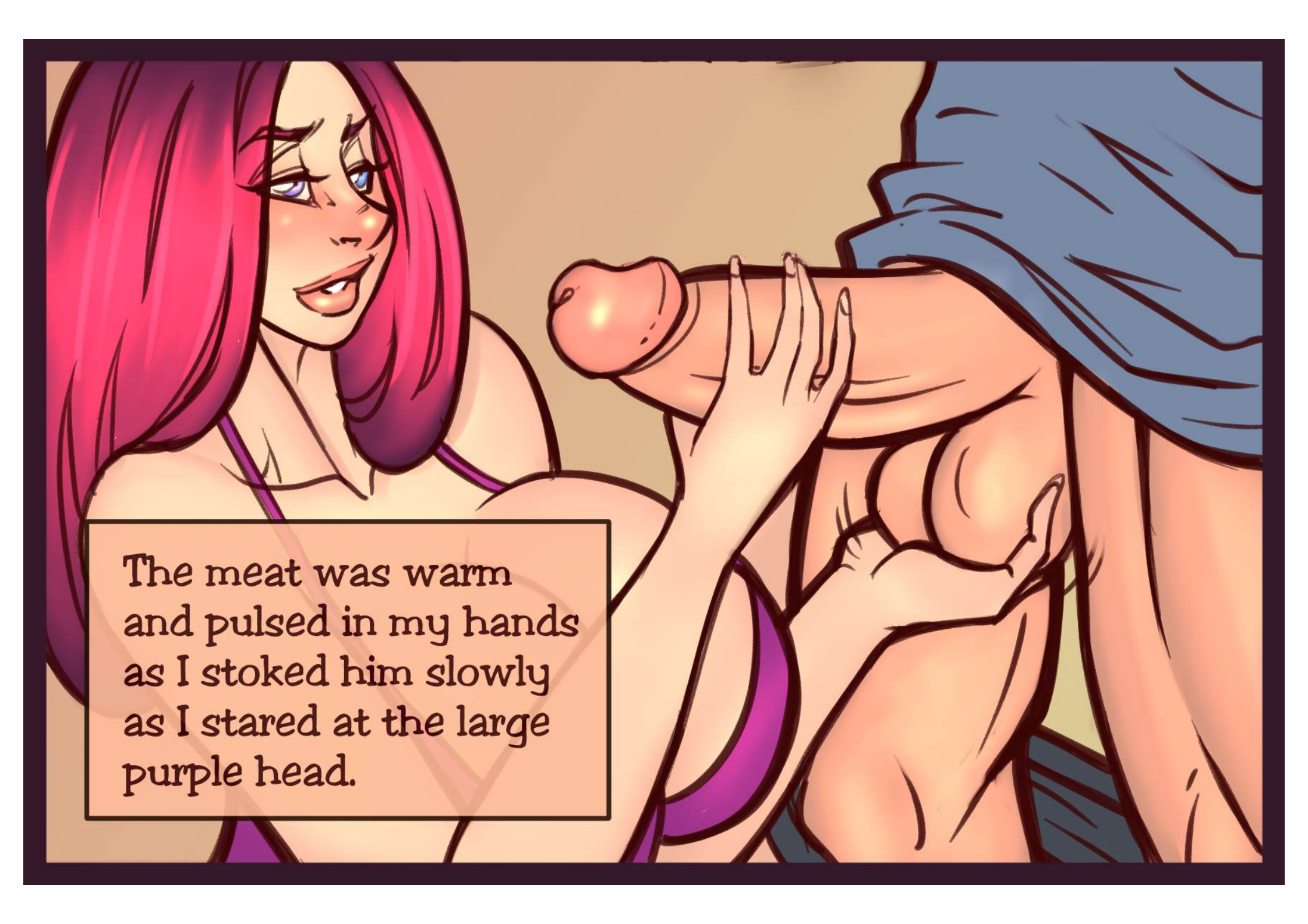
His balls were at least 3 or 4 times as large as my fiancée. He must not have had an orgasm in months.



Yes, a gallon,  
I smiled to  
myself, as I  
grasped his  
thick shaft  
with both  
hands.



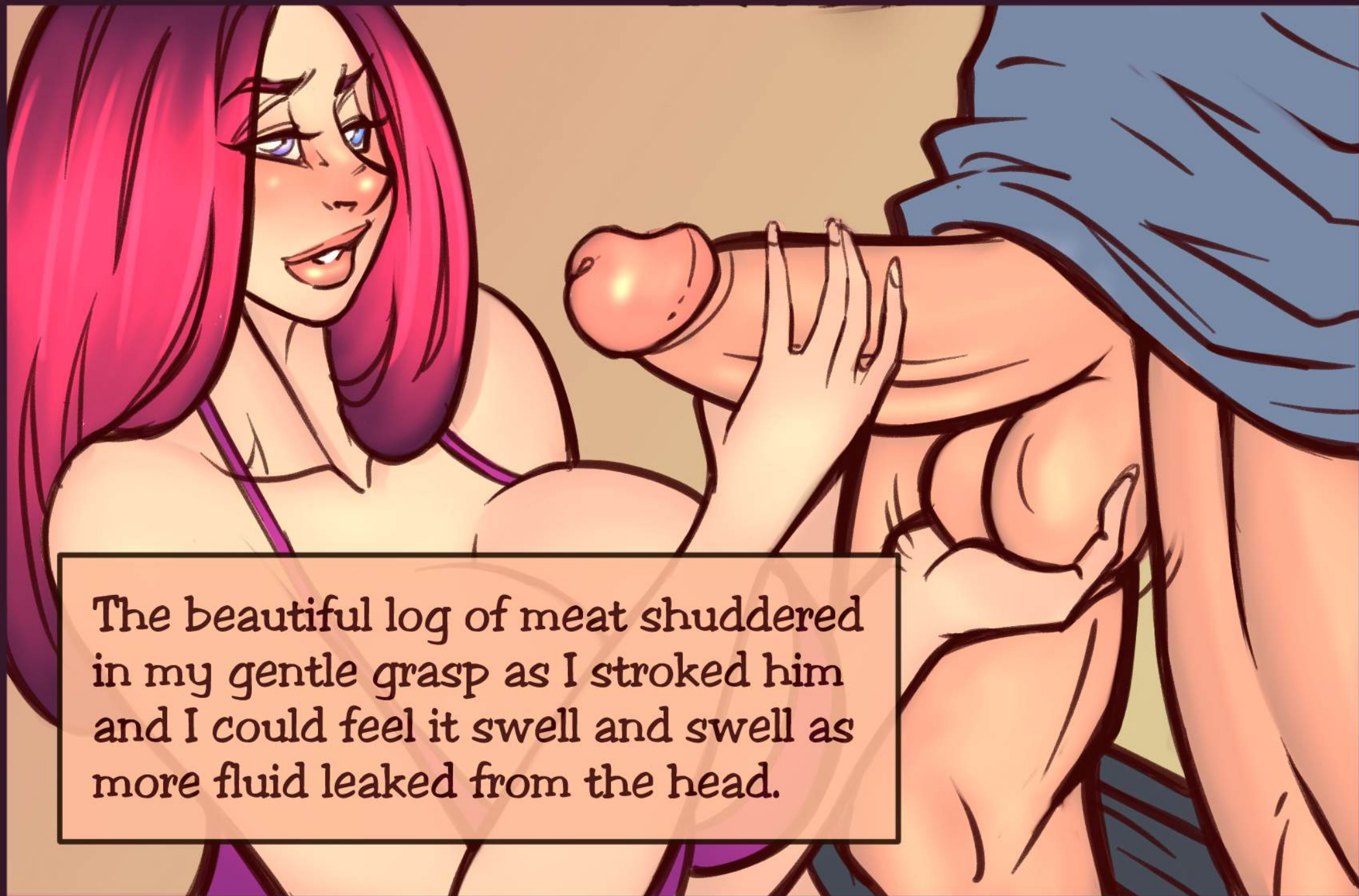
His cock was so big  
and so thick that my  
hands couldn't fully  
encircle its girth.



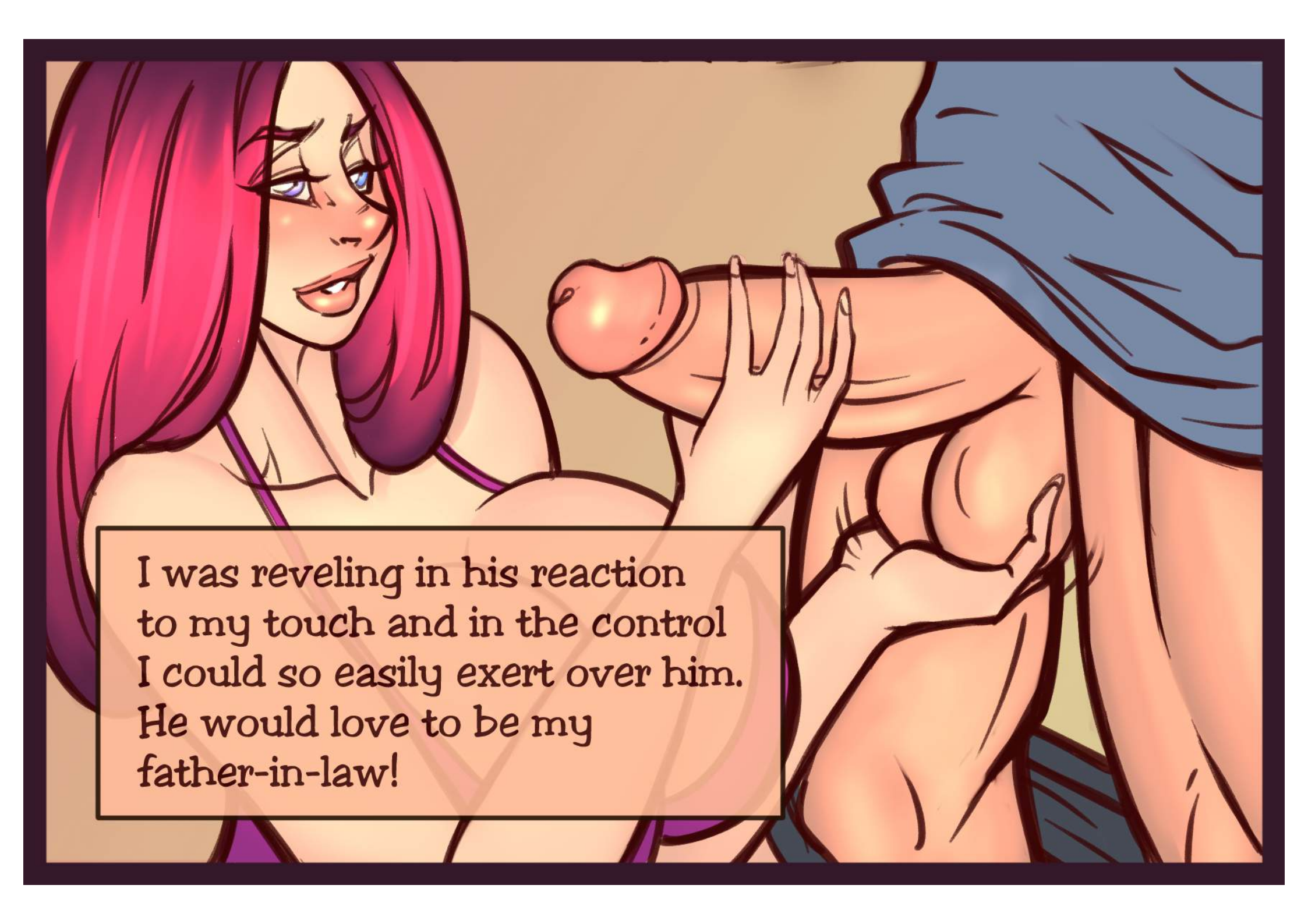
The meat was warm  
and pulsed in my hands  
as I stoked him slowly  
as I stared at the large  
purple head.



I pulled the skin down partially over his cock head and then just slowly, and almost imperceptibly rocked my hands back and forth over the big ridge at the base of his cock head.



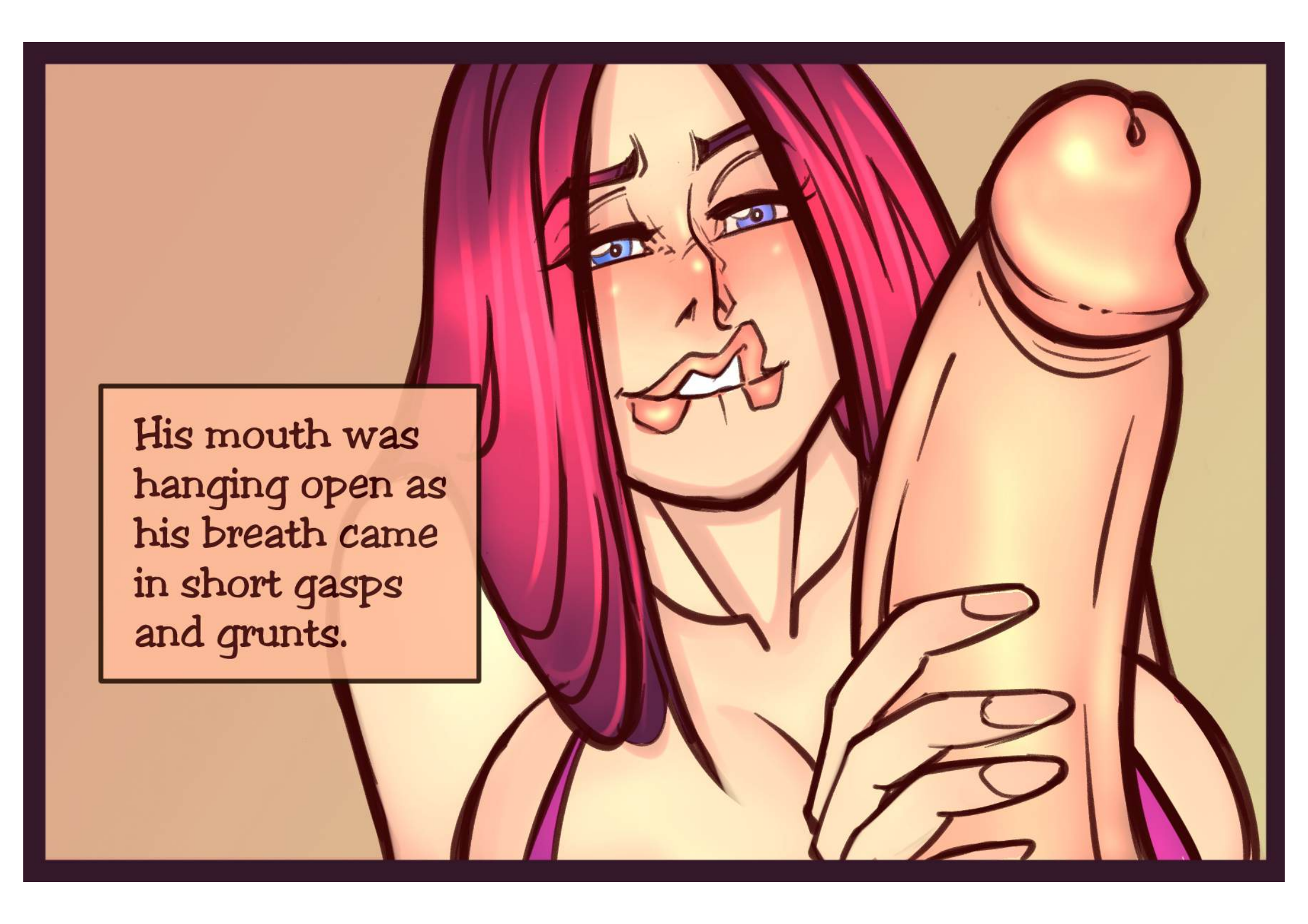
The beautiful log of meat shuddered in my gentle grasp as I stroked him and I could feel it swell and swell as more fluid leaked from the head.



I was reveling in his reaction to my touch and in the control I could so easily exert over him. He would love to be my father-in-law!

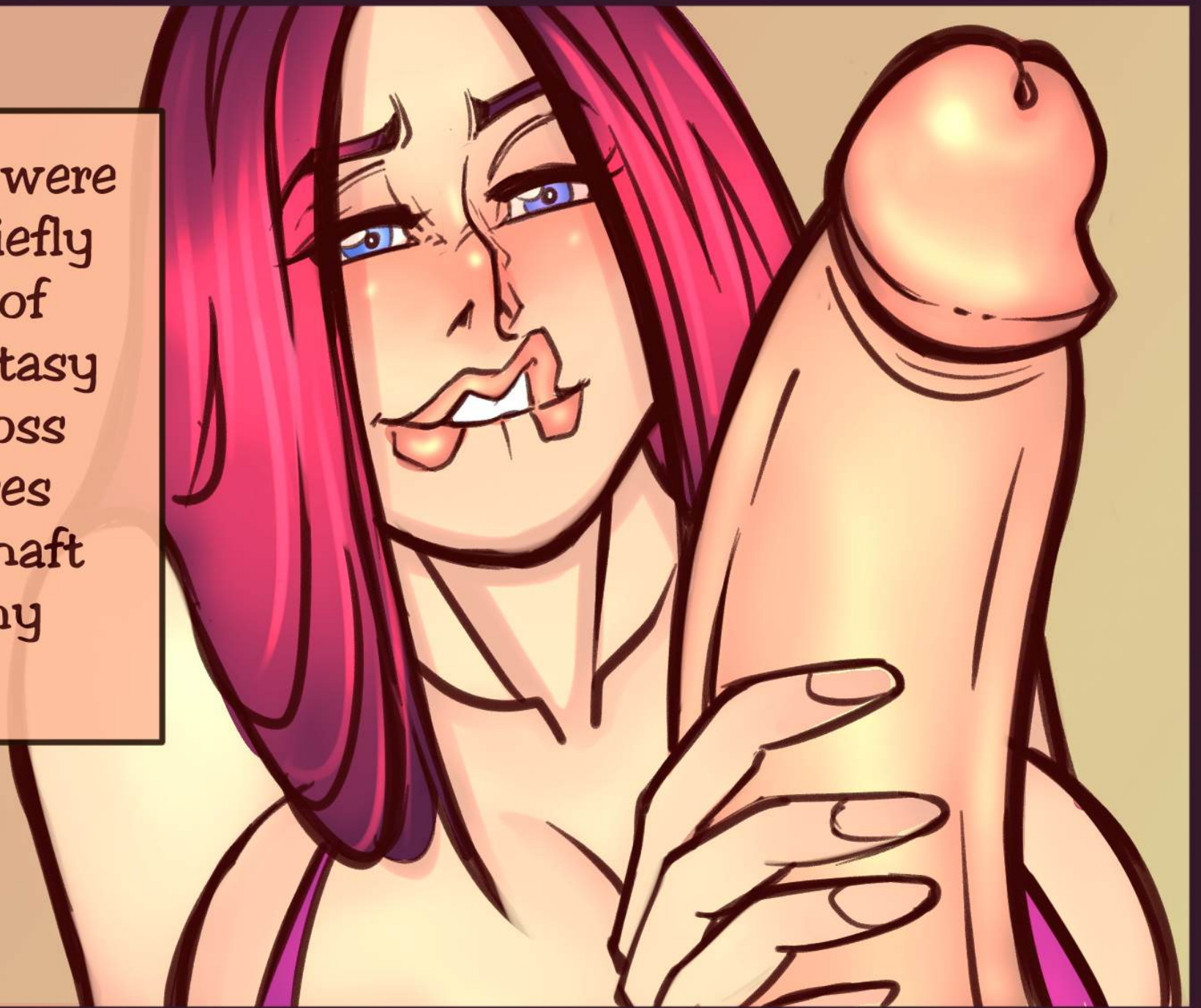


I looked up into my future father-in-law's face as I continued to pump his huge hunk of flesh.



His mouth was hanging open as his breath came in short gasps and grunts.

Our eyes were locked briefly as a look of sheer ecstasy came across his features and his shaft grew in my grasp.



I continued to stroke him with my right hand and I cupped his massive sack with the other.



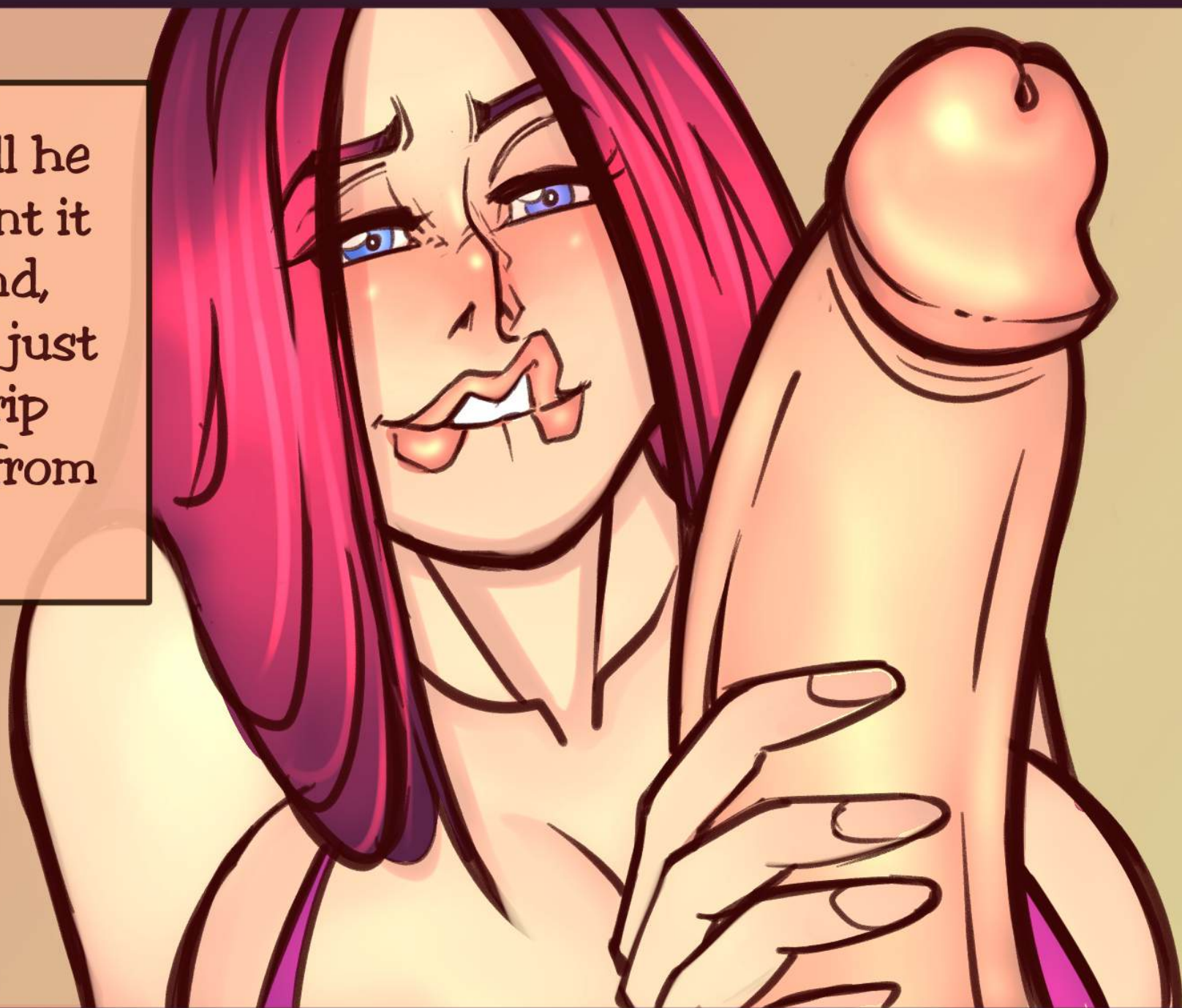
He grunted and groaned as I slowly and gently stroked his huge pole of flesh. He was getting close... but he had good staying power.



Most guys would have exploded by now, but was prolonging the pleasure. I gripped him more firmly and gradually picked up the pace.



I could tell he didn't want it to ever end, but I was just dying to rip the fluid from his sack.



"Don't worry,"  
I whispered,  
"This is just the beginning..."

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